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Lyrics of Love and Other Poems



By
WALTER RALEIGH LOVELL



LYRICS OF LOVE *and* OTHER POEMS

by

WALTER RALEIGH LOVELL

DEDICATION

To that one whom God took so early in my life, but whose angelic spirit has been with me through the years, admonishing and inspiring to something of noble endeavor, and with the hope that she will understand these modest murmurings, my darling Mother, this tiny volume is adoringly dedicated.

(FIRST EDITION)

June Seventh, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One

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SOME DAY

Some day when I am far away,
Some day when joys seem not to stay;
Some day when tears flow all the day,
Some day.

Some day when your dear heart is sad;
Some day when comes no thought so glad,
Some day when fears are driving mad,
Some day.

Some day you'll wish for "dad" alone,
Some day when other friends are gone,
Some day you'll know he was the one;
Some day.

Some day you'll think him kind and true,
Some day your words to him you'll rue;
Some day you'll want him nearer you,
Some day.

Some day when skies are overcast,
Some day when sorrows come so fast;
Some day you'll think of all that's past,
Some day.

Some day when you are old and gray,
Some day youth's bloom will fade away;
Some day, till then, I'll pine and say,
"Some day."

Some day Love might have found a way,
Some day,—had you but bid me stay;
Some day,—I'll never cease to pray,
Some day.

Some day I'll lay me down to rest,
Some day, may then my soul be blest;
Some day I'll pass the solemn test,
Some day.

Some day may angels ope the gate,
Some day, o'er there I'll watch and wait;
Some day I'll greet my darling mate,
Some day.

Some day will you be longing too?
Some day when clouds you're passing thru;
Some day, till then my heart is true,
Some day.

Some day in glory bright and fair,
Some day we'll know no parting there,
Some day, my dear, I know not where,
Some day.

BROTHER EDWARD

Another son has gone to join the throng across the way,
Yea, a toiler, who has striven, now receives a toiler's pay;
Were they waiting, those who loved him, did they wish for him
to come?
Yes, they're watching, they are longing, and they welcome loved
ones home.

He is gone, but not forgotten, for the largeness of his soul
Will still kindly, gently 'mind us, for he loved us with the whole.
His a soul benignant, gracious, knew the sympathetic touch,
Did for others deeds of kindness never thinking 'twas too much.

He'll be missed within the circle, but the Father knows the best;
He'll be with those over Jordan, waiting, longing for the rest:
Angel Mother, thou who loved him, when a naughty little lad,
God and you were always gentle, for you knew the good he had.

When you left us at the portal, many weary years ago,
Ed. was not among the number by the bedside bending low:
So, methinks your eyes were hungry for the sight of him again,
And thou asked the Lord to bring him from the world of toil
and pain.

So, dear Mother, Frank and Eddie, and the rest who're over there,
We'll toil on a little longer, and we'll join you in the air;
For when our work is ended, and our race on earth is run,
We'll have a real reunion, where there'll be no absent one.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

What will you give this Christmas tide?
Whose heart fill with love and cheer?
What will you do for the one by your side?
Whose day has been dark and drear.

The size of your soul is the gift you give.
May yours e'er be large and free!
That many a soul shall gladly live
To bless both the gift and thee.

The charitable heart thinks oft of its friend,
And the one less happy than he.
To another's need 'tis a pleasure to lend,—
He'll say, "Thou did it for me."

So, now that another Yuletide has come,
Let us fill it with love and cheer;
The gifts you give, some day will come home,
So be glad, and forget every care.

YOUR MOTHER

Who is that friend, that dearest friend,
Who help and cheer doth always lend,
E'en when the world forgets to see
That there is still some good in thee?
'Tis your Mother.

Who is it that binds your broken heart,
When faithless friends take not your part?
And though disgrace your life doth fill,
Whispers, "Dearest, I love you still."
'Tis your Mother.

Who is it when you're sick, and fain
You would die and end your pain;
Watches 'side you through the night,
And tires not till the morning light?
'Tis your Mother.

Ah, is there such a friend as this,
Who, when she's gone so much you'll miss?
No, none in all the world can find,
One-half so tender, loving, kind,
Like your Mother.

Whose mother then is blessed to live,
To her that one should ever give
The dearest gifts that life doth hold,
For love and care can ne'er be told,
Like your Mother's.

And when she lieth down to rest,
By her spirit sweet shalt thy soul be blest;
And when thy days of toil are o'er,
Then may thou see on yonder shore
Your Mother.

BROTHER FLOYD

Once more the reaper's scythe this way has passed;
The family circle broken, widens more:
One, yesterday a toiler, liveth now among the blessed;
His soul in glory rests on yonder shore.

No more shall pains of body rend thee sore,
Nor earthly cares thy peaceful rest molest:
Nor needest thou His loving aid implore,
For now thy soul doth dwell where all is blest.

Thy life, though short, was filled with earnest toil,
To make this world a better place to live:
Though oft old Satan tried thy plans to foil,
As oft the Lord His willing aid didst give.

And when each battle's fire was o'er and past,
With strength renewed, thou didst begin again:
Until the Master saw the toiling, and at last
Didst bring thee home, and end thy fearful pain.

So sleep on, Blessed One, and weep no more,
We'll not forget till we in glory see
Thee crowned with life eternal, and e'er more
With loved one, and thy blessed Lord shall be.

WITH SAINTS ON EARTH

We went today to a cabin home,
Where dwelt an old man and wife;
They seemed so glad to have us come—
We tried to cheer their lonely life.

We sang with them an old-time hymn,
Which seemed so wondrous sweet,
As the dear old voices joined in the chime,
Heaven came down our souls to greet.

And then we gave them bread and wine,
Tokens of Him, who died for them:
The sight was glorious, sad, divine,
As with love, they remembered Him.

A LIFE WORTH WHILE

His life is void, who lives alone,
His selfish wants and needs to own,
While others thirsting, sick, unfed,
Die for lack of daily bread.
But he lives most who dares to give
His all that others too may live.

When men are grappling in the strife,
Which taxes full the strength of life,
How oft one needs a loving friend,
His willing, strengthening help to lend.
Who knows that sympathetic touch,
Will never feel he's done too much.

And are men's souls not worth the price
Of any pain or sacrifice?
What though he poor and humble be,
Since he alone hath need of thee.
He'll live some day thy soul to bless,
If thou hath helped him to success.

Untimely graves could they but speak
They'd tell how oft thou mightest keep
Some soul from lying down to rest,
If thou wouldst dain that life to bless.
Then give thy self, and spare thee not,
And thine shall be a happy lot.

And when thy transient life is o'er,
When thou shalt rest on yonder shore,
That One who gave his life for you,
Will bless thy soul with words so true.
You'll not regret what here you gave,
To make another strong and brave.

ROSES IN THE SPRING

Have you seen the gorgeous roses,
In the Spring, in the Spring?
White, and pink, and crimson roses,
In the Spring?

Have you seen the buds unfolding,
With their wealth of beauty holding,
And their rich tints deftly moulding,
In the Spring?

Have you gathered darling roses,
In the Spring, in the Spring?
For the dearest friend of yours,
In the Spring?

Have you seen the petals falling,
Streams of color gently sprawling,
Earth to heaven sweetly calling,
In the Spring?

Have you wreathed the rose in garlands,
In the Spring, in the Spring?
Just to cheer some saddened heart,
In the Spring?
Roses richest mem'ries hold,
Far more precious, yea, than gold,
Wondrous stories could be told,
In the Spring.

If you have not seen the roses,
In the Spring, in the Spring.
Then you know not half the glory
Of the Spring.
Could I live without the roses
Just to give me pretty poses,
Ah, I know the secret it discloses
In the Spring.

(With apologies to Mr. William Martin, author,
"An Apple Orchard in the Spring")

THE BIRTH OF DAY

Inky darkness slyly creeping,
Hides its self, but still is peeping,
Watching for the morn to come,
Then it hurries quickly home.

Gray dawn rises from its sleeping,
Gives to morn a cheery greeting
When the day is quietly blest,
It returns to peaceful rest.

Twilight serene is all too fleeting,
As it comes the day a-meeting,
How its moments seem to fly!
It breathes a sigh, and says, "Good-bye."

Then o'er the eastern hills is peeping
Solon, and he comes a-weeping,
'Cause his playmates all have gone,
And he must make the day alone.

Measured time he's slowly beating,
Waking children from their sleeping;
And they rise with sound of horn,
To see the glory of the morn!

REMEMBER THE MASTER

When cares of life hang heavy o'er,
And your heart is dulled with pain;
Just think how the Master troubled, sore,
Lacked shelter and food time, and again.

He trod the same paths of loss and want
That you and I must tread;
For sparkling water each soul must pant,
And strive for his daily bread.

Thus if the day is dark and drear,
And no earthly help seems nigh,
Just trust in God, He feels thy care,
And still He standeth by.

Let thy heart then feel no dread;
His love can ne'er be told.
Through dangers safe were others led,
And he'll lead me to his fold.

MEDITATIONS

Song of sighing, hopes a-dying
Leave my soul bereft,
Sad bells toning, hearts bemoaning,
And alone I'm left.

All I'm giving, still I'm living,
Hoping just for thee.
Clouds are shining, silver lining,
Though I cannot see.

While I'm daring, are you caring,
While the days are drear;
Are you listening, see the glistening,
Of my falling tear?

Yea, thou knowing, still art showing,
Fondest love for me;
And though groping, I'm still hoping,
Fully trusting thee.

Night is falling, and I'm calling,
Dearest one, for you;
Stars now blinking, set me thinking,
Of my love so true.

In the Dawning of the Morning,
Let me hear from thee,
For through the shining, I'll be pining
You alone to see.

THE ANGEL THAT WAS SENT

Upon a time not long ago,
A man a maiden fair did know,
And oft the two with heart so light,

Spent happy hours in moonlight bright.
And then then man on bended knee,
Poured out his love with gallant plea.
'Tis enough to say he won her hand,
The rest, of course, you understand.
They went upon a honeymoon,
Which ended quite by far too soon.
The wife with strangest temperament,
Made life so sad by discontent,
Until the man with heavy heart,
Soon thought it best that they should part.

But this he feared for sense of shame,
For he knew the world would place the blame
Alike upon the man and wife,
Though she had caused the greater strife.
Again he thought how sad 'twould be
His former wife alone to see.
With firm resolve he said he'd try
To bear it all till one should die.
Thus through the years of pain and toil,
Satan tried his plans to foil,
But when each battle's fire was o'er,
He struggled on with might the more.
Determined still to win the fight,
By trying hard to do the right.

But, he was human like the rest,
And though he tried to do his best,
He often yearned for peace of min'
Moments of love and joy sublime,
Which somewhere he had hoped to find,
Where hearts were tender, loving, kind.

Sometimes it seemed that not a friend
Was found a word of cheer or lend;
His battles oft he fought alone,
And life was filled with saddest tone.
At last his hope began to flee,
No ray of vic'try could he see.
He sank into despondency,
Like one at loss on storm-swept sea.
The days were dark and often drear,
With not a beam of hope to cheer.
The nights were filled with bitter tears,
And waking moments reeked with fears.
At last he wished that he might die,
And end it all. What need to try
To win a fight when all seemed lost:
He could not pay the awful cost.

But while thus filled with deep dismay,
God sent an angel to him one day.
No, not an angel, but so she seemed;
'Twas to the man as though he dreamed.
He feared to hope lest he should wake,
And find that he had made mistake.
This maiden fair whom god had sent,
Brot visions of hope, and courage lent.
Until the man who once seemed dead,
No more thought life and hope had fired.
Dormant the powers of soul had lain,
Dulled by seasons of toil and pain.
To him said maiden sweet and fair,
"Can you not hope to do and dare?
You cannot fail if you will try;
Up to your work, let spirit fly:
He can conqueror who thinks he can;
Tribulations but test the work of the man."

These words like magic seemed to fill
His being with such a pleasing thrill,
He seemed at once to understand
That he must do the task at hand.

With spirit strong, he began anew,
To win the place, which now he knew
This maid would like to see him hold;
And thus he wrought with courage bold.
His friends oft wondered at the fire,
Which stirred his soul. He'd now aspire
To tasks which once seemed hard to do,
For the faith of the maid was thrilling him thro.
Each hour, each moment of his life,
Was filled with the wish that she was his wife.
Of course no word of hope was lent
To this wild hope, by the maid that was sent.
But still each day he hoped and worked,
No worthy task was ever shirked.
A poem, a story oft he wrote,
That this little girl might surely note
How glad he was that she had come,
He hoped some day she would bless his home.
He thought what a darling wife she'd make,
And of the interest she would take
In the things of life which he desired,
And the heights to which he now aspired.
Each castle bright built in the air
Was adorned by the maid, so sweet, so fair.
And so he bravely fought life's game,
Mounting each day in the scale of fame.
He took no thought, or little cared,
For all the things the world had said.
But one great wish now filled his mind:
'Twas the hope that she would think him kind,
And believe that he would do his best,
As he fought to meet the world's grim test.

This darling maid, with spirit fine,
Was delighted to see him fall in line;
She watched his course with heart so light,
And prayed that he would win the fight.

With pride her bosom oft did swell;
Her soul was thrilled, but none could tell
Why she was now so sweet and gay,
And breathed a song the live long day.
She knew not what the end would be,
She only prayed to live to see
This hero of her childish heart
Filling a place that was quite apart
From that that's held by common men,
For she knew the day when he had been
So near the brink of awful ruin,
She was happy to see him again pursuing
The goal of life with earnest zeal;
'Twas like a dream, it seemed not real.

But never a word did she dare to speak
Of the things she thought. She wished to keep
This man from thinking of her alone,
But still in her eyes the love-light shone.
Then she thought of the one to whom he was wed,
And she knew to herself he was ever dead.
She must not let him love her so,
Though his soul was the kind she wanted to know.
Anything she could she was willing to do
To make him happy and kind and true;
She was willing to make the sacrifice,
'Twas dear, but she gladly paid the price,
Tho' she knew he loved her, 'twas for the best,
And thus she allowed her mind to rest.
She was sent to be his guiding star
To point the way to a land afar.
But to him her heart she might not give,
She could only wait, and hope to live
To see the plans of God revealed:
In Him with faith she now believed.

She remembered an adage of long ago,
Whose words now pained her dear heart so.
" 'Tis better to love and lose," it said,
"Than never to love ere you're dead."
Thus she knew she had not loved in vain,
For some day God would make it plain.
And perhaps in a brighter, happier sphere
She'd know the bliss denied her here.

THE PLEA OF UNREQUITED LOVE

All day I think, all night I dream,
Of thee, my dearest one;
I'm sad, for all my hopes, they seem,
Depend on thee alone.

I know not why you're dear to me,
There are others quite as fair,
But all my thoughts are fixed in thee—
I build my castles in the air.

No word of hope from thee is give'
And yet I'm hoping still;
If thou wert gone I would not live,
And yet my life thou canst not fill.

Oh, cruel Fate that binds me fast,
In chains of dark despair;
I can but hope while life doth last:
My sorrow great as I can bear.

I know not why I love you so;
For you my heart beats true.
The reason I would gladly know,
I guess it's just because it's you.

No other face beams quite so bright,
Nor doth the love-light shine
In other eyes with glorious light,
Quite half so much as thine.

You're not a beauty, and yet you are,
Nor would I wish thee more,
For thou art dearer, yea, by far
Than all I've known before.

But 'tis not for thy face or form
I love thee, darling maid;
'Tis for thy grace, thy poise, thy charm,
That at thy feet my heart is laid.

And wilt thou tread it under feet,
And cast my love away;
Art thou displeased, wilt thou not greet
My soul and bid me stay?

I fain would worship at thy shrine,
Thru all the fleeting years:
Could I but know thy heart was mine,
Mine eyes would flood with joyous tears.

I stand beside a chasm wide,
Speak thou my joy or doom;
For if thou cast my soul aside,
My life is filled with gloom.

But since I love because 'tis thee,
And not for outward show,
Canst thou not love poor lonely me
That I may heaven's gladness know?

And this shall be my heart's desire
That thou shalt love me more.
What greater joy could life inspire,
Or failing make more sore?

Speak to my heart, or I shall die,
I live for thee alone;
If hope be fled then let me fly,
A wretched soul undone.

Say not the barrier cannot be moved,
For love will find a way;
God His help hath always proved:
No power His hand can stay.

"Surely thou canst not let me die,"
When but a word from thee
Would make my soul with joy outcry,
And put my heart at ease.

My life once filled with radiant hope
To rise to heights of fame;
Thy love could cheer, and still I'd cope
With life's uneven game.

With thee to flood my soul with joy,
I'd toil with strengthened hand,
And long ere death said, "Ship ahoy!"
We'd sweep this mighty land.

There is no telling what man can do,
When loved by maiden fair:
He'll prove his metal tried and true;
Bound for a star—he's there!

Thru days I've longed for word from thee,
But I have looked in vain.
Carest thou not that I lonely be,
Or wish thou me more pain?

You're good, you're true, you're sweet, you're kind,
You're brave, and you have brains,
Your match is very hard to find;
Your name has not a stain.

By friends you're loved, and foes you've none,
I've never seen you cross,
A worthy task you would not shun;
You never seem at loss.

Can you wonder that you've won my heart,
Or why I love you true;
Dear, do not bid me from you part,
"I love because it's you."

My plea now cometh to an end,
No more I know to say,
If hope thou still refuse to lend,
Sorrowful I go away.

THOSE DARLING EYES

Sometimes her eyes seem to laugh at me,
Sometimes they seem rather sad;
But whether I'm gay, or filled with dismay
Her eyes always make me glad.

Her eyes seem to carry a cheering smile,
Yea, the love-light seems to glow;
When they look into mine, her heart seems to pine
For a part of the love I show.

Darling eyes, how they seem to search
The very depths of my heart;
They bid me go, and yet I'm slow—
From her I want never to part.

God gave you those eyes, sweetheart-o-mine,
To be windows of your soul;
I see thru their light, love wondrously bright,
How I wish I might cherish the whole.

I'LL BE LONGING FOR THEE

Tho far from thee my mission shall be,
Tho denied the sweet pleasure thy face to see;
Tho distant, to thee my spirit shall flee,
I'll be longing, my darling, for thee.

When tasks huge, and arduous my hands find to do,
When strong men are failing, may my heart be true;
May the strength of thy spirit be thrilling me thru,
For I'll be longing, my darling, for thee.

When dangers are threatening, and fears assail,
Thru thy God whom I trust may I ever prevail;
With thy love never doubting I never can fail,
And still I'll be longing for thee.

Should Providence rule some sweet, happy day,
To bring us together forever to stay—
To lift the dread shadows; to light the dark way,
No more I'll be longing for thee.

But now I must toil with courage and will,
Determined each moment my mission to fill;
Yet from earliest dawn to setting sun, still
I'll be longing, my darling, for thee.

And if in the stillness of night's calm repose,
When pain is forgotten, all of life's woes,
Should I wake in the arms of death's awful throes,
Over there, I'll be longing for thee.

RETROSPECTION

Could time reverse I'd try to live
A better life. I'd try to give
A strict account of all my time;
I'd try to make my life "sublime."

I'd fill each day with earnest toil;
Not one hour would I ever spoil,
By leaving worthy tasks undone,
Or quitting that I'd once begun.

And every soul I'd chance to meet,
With sunshine, and a smile I'd greet.
I'd scorn to ever wear a frown,
And try not ever be cast down.

For each one I would try to find
A way to make them loving, kind;
I'd try to lessen pain and strife,
By lending joy to every life.

For wist ye not how sad to know,
That you have pained some dear heart so;
'Tis better far to make folks glad,
Than wound their hearts, and leave them sad.

But why say what things I would do,
If I could start my life anew?
'Twould seem a better thing to learn
Just now some joy of life to earn.

For, why look backward—that is vain;
Remorse hath never healed a pain:
Regret but makes the heart more sore,
And sorrow fills the heart the more.

For time can never wait for me,
Far less turn back its course to see
A life renewed however bright.
Thus time moves on from morn to night.

So if my life I'd live again,
I must build anew on the wrecks of pain;
And if in God my trust shall stay,
Then I shall walk in the perfect way.

WHUT DE FOLKS AT HOME HAB DONE (Written during the Third Liberty Loan drive)

Dah ain't no use en worryin' 'bout der Hindeb'g line,
'Ner wond'rin' why de Yanks ain't done crossin' o'er de R'ine;
'Kase der me'sure ob de battle, an' de killin' ob de Hun,
Dat depen's upon de doin's whut de folks at home hab done.

Dah ain't no use in talkin' 'bout de winnin' ob de wah,
An' a-spinnin' ob yo' the'ries tell yo' tires de lowah jaw;
Talkin' is a cheap thing; takes Bon's to fight de Hun,
An' de outcome mos'ly 'pends on whut de folks at home hab done.

So yo' buy dem Wah Stamps, honey, an' a Liberty Bon', or two,
Den help erlong de Red Cross, like de odder fellows do;
Den sabin' food, an' coal, an' gas, only orter be jes' fun,
When yo' know de boys are countin' whut de folks at home hab
done.

De Dixie boys am comin' an' dey's singin' as dey tramp:
Dey'll kill der deblish Hun, an' hang dat K'iser scamp;
But how soon de job am finished, an' dey sta't home on de run,
Dat depends erpon de doings whut de folks at home hab done.

An' when de wah am ober, an' de trouble all is pas',
When de dobe of peace am sailin' o'er de land and sea at las',
When de boys bring home de bacon,—tells de story eb'ry one,
Dey'll tell how much es'pended on whut de folks at home hab
done.

DADDY'S BABY

She's a darling little maiden,
She's the finest kind of girl;
She's a pretty, brown-eyed lassie,
With a dainty little curl.
My! to look at such a picture
Makes your head commence to whirl.

But what makes her such a beauty
Are her charming little ways;
And her voice is just like music,
As she kind of shyly says,
"I was once my Daddy's baby,
But I'm grown up nowadays.

"Now he's got another baby,
And she's very sweet, you know:
If she weren't then I'd be pealous,
'Cause my Daddy loves her so.
And I love my baby sister,"—
But she whispers sweet and low.

"I've got the sweetest secret
That a girlie ever knew—
Will you promise not to tell it,—
Promise faithful, good and true?
Since Daddy has another baby,
I've another Daddy, too.

"My other Daddy's awful nice,
And loves me lots. You see
He has no other baby girl,
He loves just only me.
He tells me when I'm full-grown-up,
His little wife I'll be.

"I love my realest Daddy lots,
I'll love him all my life,
But he's my mother's husband, dear,
So I can't be his wife:
For if I'd marry Daddy, too,
'Twould cause just lots of strife.

"So Daddy Number Two I'll take,
And be his baby, dear;
And when he's sad and blue, you see,
I'll fill his life with cheer:
I'll be so 'dood' and nice to him,
He'll never know a care.

"Now don't you tell, for if you do,
You'll spoil the 'mostest' fun,
That any girlie ever had,
'Cause Daddy Number One,—
He doesn't have the slightest dream
What love has just begun.

"But he is all to blame, you see,
'Cause I was good and true,
Till the other baby came, and then
He couldn't have us two.
For you know how you want a Dad
Who loves just only you."

WAITING AT THE CHURCH

The sun is shining brightly
O'er the wooded hills and vale,
As I sit upon the church steps,
Watching clouds that o'er me sail.

Thru the early morning darkness,
I had journeyed near the scene
Of my humble task of service,
To a people quite serene.

But we came before the hour
For the service had arrived,
And I sat down to ponder—
With the Muse I then connived.

While the faithful sexton kindled
Just a fire upon the hearth,
I betook myself to thinking
Of the fairest maid on earth.

"Truth," said I, "I ought be thinking
Of the message I should bring
To my coming congregation,
And the songs that we should sing.

"Keenly, oft, I feel the burden
Of my mission here below;
Saddened hearts I hope to gladden,
And to each a kindness show."

Thus I mused within the churchyard,
And remembered with a smile,
How with joy my work is laden,
And how really 'tis worth while.

But, alas! again I'm thinking
Of that aching at my heart,
And despite the bravest effort,
From mine eyes the tears doth start.

But away I brush the water,
And with pleasant, cheerful face
Greet the happy congregation,
And with courage take my place.

Thru the mist, tho, I can see
That dear maiden sweet and fair:
In another church she worships,
And I wish that I was there.

But to me Fate seems not tender,—
Sorrow often fills my soul:
I'll be patient tho heart-broken;
Some day God will make it whole.

CHRISTMAS LONESOMENESS

The house is awful empty,
And there's hardly any cheer;
It is getting close to Christmas,
But it isn't like it here.

There's none to place a bit of green,
Or red about the place;
There's none to make it Christmas like,
Or show a smiling face.

Doll, she has gone away, you see,
To see the folks at home,—
She'll have a joyous Christmas,
While I'll be very lonesome.

If only there were kiddies,—
A little girl and boys;
I'd give them lots of Christmas things,
Nuts, candies, cakes and toys.

I'd write old Santa Claus to come,
With his full-laden sleigh,
And such a Christmas we would have:
In a real old-fashioned way.

But here there are no little ones,
Who live at our house;
Even the kitty's gone away,
Because there's not a mouse.

I get so lonesome every night,
I almost want to cry,
But folks are always glad, you know,
When Christmas draweth nigh.

So I've decided I will go,
On Christmas Eve, to see
Some folks who hardly ever know
Such comforts like as me.

And there, there are some boys and girls,
Whose Daddy went away,
So I'll be Santa Claus to them,
And we shall romp and play.

And I'll forget that I am alone,
And often blue and sad,
For I'll be having lots of fun
A-making others glad.

For Christmas comes but once a year;
We ought to let it be
The fullest time of joy and cheer
That any one can see.

FORGET YOURSELF

Your message came on Christmas night,—
It filled my heart with pain,
To know that you had waited long
For word from me in vain.

Thruout the day I'd felt the sting
Of Conscience, at my heart,
For by you I had hoped to do,
Just now, a better part.

I wished to give you lots of things
To cheer your weary life;
I hoped that for a little while you would
Forget the toil and strife.

I hoped that I might add a bit
Of joy and cheer the while:
I wished to hear you laugh and sing,
And greet me with a smile.

But Fate seems seldom kind to me,
However much I try
To do the right. Life's better things
Seem but to pass me by.

I wish you had your share of all
The good that life doth hold,
And how I've striven this to give
By tongue can ne'er be told.

But I could wish that you would see
That joy does not depend
Upon the things which we possess,
For which our gold we spend.

For joy is not a thing so small
That money it can buy;
If so the rich would have it all;
The poor would "pine and sigh."

But 'tis not so, for I have seen
Grim sorrow bending o'er
The rich man's palace, just the same,
As o'er the cabin door.

Alike true happiness may be
In humble home, or place,
As well as in the mansion grand,
Whose inmates all wear lace.

For tho thy dress be very plain,
It matters not, you see,
To God, whose heart is filled with love,
Who giveth all to thee.

So think not of thyself alone,
Or of thy selfish need,
While millions somewhere want for bread—
Their cry thou oughtest heed.

Thus do not think thy lot is worse
Than any one's you know,
For there are thousands in whose hearts
The pains are burning so.

Whatever then your lot may be,
Just smile, and sing a song,
And try to make your life so glad,—
Just help your friends along.

My! that is such an easy task
That any one may do.
It takes not gold or silver coin,
But kindly words and true.

So if another day seems dark,
Try think not of yourself,
For there are lots of precious things
Awaiting on the shelf.

WAITING AT THE STATION

While awaiting at the station,
Just to while away the time,
I betook myself to forming
Just a little bit of rhyme.

'Tis my method of diverting
Mind from things so often sad;
For while chatting with the Muses,
Then my heart and soul are glad.

There are lots of things to think of,
Some, which bring a weary smile,
But they drive away the sadness;
Making cheerful all the while.

Life is not a thing of waiting,
For some chance to come along;
We should all be up and doing,
Making life a busy song.

What's the use in one a-worrying
'Bout the outcome of a task;
Just be faithful; keep a-working,
God will give you what you ask.

'Course it's kind of painful waiting,
For some things we want so much,
But they'll come if we are patient,
And with God we keep in touch.

'Tis His will that we be happy,
In the working out of life.
So keep cheer thru the toiling,
Minding not the pain and strife.

For with vic'try comes the knowing
That each cross will add a star
In the crown that we'll be wearing,
When we reach that land afar.

For each tear that we are shedding,
We shall know a stream of joy;
There each pain will be forgotten,
And no sorrow will annoy.

As at even sun is hidden,
And the stars gleam in our view,
So in old age is forgotten,
All the sorrow that we knew.

Why then sigh, or ever worry,
Causing heart to ache the more;
For the Lord has lots of goodness
Just a-keeping back in store.

THE LONGING HEART

Lone I sit in silent wonder,
And the silence makes me ponder
O'er the mysteries of life,
And the days of long ago.
Oft the loneliness is saddening,
And the weariness is maddening,
For no word my heart is gladdening
From my angel Flo.
Not a word of cheer is given
By my angel Flo;
Why I do not know.

Thru the evenings of December,
Sadly now I can remember
How each loving thoughtful member
Of that group his love didst show,
For a "master" kind and true,
Yet quite often sad and blue;
But with heart a-burning thru
With the fondest love for Flo.
For that darling little maiden,
Whom the Muses know as Flo—
Breathe the name sweetly, low.

Christmas time is drawing near,
But no sign of love and cheer
Greets me, meets me, as from
Room to room I go.
Thus to drown the weary screaming
Of my footsteps I am speaking,
Just to keep my heart from leaking,
As it yearns for darling Flo.
For I fear she has forgotten
That I'm living here below,
And my heart is craving so.

Were my soul not often stronger,
I would wish to live no longer.
Oft the hoping of my heart
Drowns the sorrow that I know.
Off the fears of life I'm shaking;
Flights to blissland I am taking;
Just to keep my heart from breaking:
Longing for my darling Flo.
For that sweet adorable maiden,
Whose heart and hand I'd like to know.
Love for me she doth not show.

Thru the future I am peering,
But my gaze is fraught with fearing,
For the signs of hope's fruition
Seem to glimmer very low.
Castles built, fall, wholly broken
And the future holds no token,
And no word of joy is spoken,
By that angel maiden—Flo.
She is silent, heedless, often,
Is that maiden, Flo,
While I'm caring so.

Back again my fate seems turning,
With love of life within me burning.
What dare I to do to hasten
Days of peace that I would know?
Can it be that I shall never
Know no joy on earth forever;

Wilt God that faithless tie not sever,
Till from hence to heaven I'll go?
Wilt the wounds of heart still bleed;
Wilt my sorrow ever grow?
Ah, I'm burdened so.

Hark! I hear the deafening mutter;
Fears benumb till I can utter
Scarcely any word of courage,
And the fires of joy burn low.
Now the winter's chilling breeze
Keeps me in, and never frees
Me, but with frenzied haste I seize
Hat and cloak; I brave the blast,
Into the night alone I go.
Just to see if I may catch
But a glimpse of darling Flo,
Thru the falling snow.

And the wint'ry night beguiling,
'Rouses all my soul to smiling,
By the tingling of my blood,
And frosted fingers burning so.
Tho the night is awful chilling,
Yet with Christmas cheer 'tis filling;
Many a sad heart it is thrilling
With such joy as angels know.
"Truth," said I, "would I be happy,
If I had my darling Flo?"
And the echo murmured low:

"Just be patient for a while,
Free thy heart from every guile,
Flo wilt greet thee with a smile
Ere from earth you'll go.
She is caring while you sorrow;
She each sigh a part doth borrow:
You'll be happy on the morrow,
With your darling Flo.
And forever you shall be
With your angel Flo."

PLEADING STILL

I'm in love with a wonderful little girl,
She's the sweetest thing in the land:
Just a smile from her sets my head to whirl,
But she's hard to understand.

She's as pure in soul as the driven snow;
An angel on earth she seems:
She's a part of every thought I know;
She's with me in my dreams.

Tho sweet, she's as firm as Gibraltar's rock,
And she keeps so silent, till
Her heart seems kept by key and lock,
And never my life can fill.

Oh! that she'd break the silence long,
And speak of love and cheer,
She'd make my life just one sweet song,
That all the world could hear.

O fairest one, why silent be,
When my heart is calling thee!
I'd give my life for love of thee—
Believe that I speak true?

Come tell of the thrill that fills thy heart,
When you think of a lover brave,
Thou canst not fool, I know a part
Of the love you'd try to save.

I've seen the twinkle in your eye,
And it floods my soul with light;
I know you love, but still you try
To keep it from my sight.

And since I know thy love is true,
Why keep me waiting, sore?
Just ope your heart, the secret bare,
And then I'll weep no more.

'Tis a wonderful thing to be in love!
'Tis the sweetest lot on earth;
So feast a while, my darling dove,
On love's unending mirth.

For if thou drive my heart away,
A sad fate may be thine;
Then give me your heart, dear one, I pray,
And be forever mine.

A DREAM

As I slept last night, I dreamed of you,
And the vision was wonderful, sweet:
Oh, how I wish that it might come true;
'Tis most too sacred for tongue to repeat.

I dreamed that I came to your home to live;
Yes, to be with my darling always:
You loved me then, and thyself didst give
To be mine thru all future days.

My dear little girl was clasped in my arms,
With a sigh of joy and a kiss;
I vowed that no danger, nor ever a harm
Should come to my dear little miss.

I loved you then with all my heart;
You were passive in love's sweet embrace:
You asked that I never again depart—
Tears of joy ran down your sweet face.

The rapture we knew lips never can tell;
'Twas like heaven to be with you so:
Twas the bliss of a sphere love alone can impel,
We were then in love's realm, I know.

But alas, I awoke, for 'twas only a dream;
I found you were not on my breast.
The vision is past; again now I seem
To be lonely and troubled; without rest.

Will you pray, dear, heart, that some day 'twill be,
As the dream I'm telling you?
May God grant our prayer, and give you to me
And then my dream "will come true."

EASTER MORN

The darkest night of all the earth is past;
The eastern sky foretells the coming day;
The broken-hearted women hurry fast
To find the place where Jesus' body lay.

They doubted not to find that body still
Within the new-made tomb of Joseph's hand.
But, ah, no longer now that precious clay doth fill
The grave. In fullest life that body now doth stand.

Imagine if you can their glad surprise
To find the tomb so empty, cold and bare:
Thus long they stood with doubting, wond'ring eyes,
Until the angel saith, "He is not there!"

Then as they turned their sorrowing way to go,
Their Lord doth greet them with a cheering word:
"Go find the men and Peter, tell them, lo,
I'll meet them there in Galilee, soon afterward."

Then faithful hands with spices soon forgot
The humble task, which they had come to do:
For now they knew a glorious, happy lot,
The Resurrection of their Lord was wondrous, true!

Thus runneth on the sweetest story known:
The story of the first glad Eastern morn,
When glorious hope in many a saddened heart was sown,
And vision of a life eternal there was born.

Dear friend, or loved one, tell me doth thou know
The presence of that Wondrous Risen King,
Then go, to all the world now show
The gladsome news and His full praises sing.

I'M SORRY YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

I'm sorry you made me love you,
When you knew you could not be mine;
For now I am blue, from just wanting you:
All day I sit and pine.

I was happy until you came;
'Till then my heart was my own.
But now tears doth start, for you have my heart,
And I'm feeling sad and lone.

I've tried not to love you so dearly,
But each trial fills me with pain.
Within there is strife, for you are my life:
Were you near nothing more I would fain.

I bade you try to forget me;
You told me you'd tried, but in vain:
I loved you to see if you really loved me;
Now sorrow is leaving its stain.

You were cruel to force me to love you,
When you knew I was trying to feel
Just sorry for you, without loving you true—
At love's shrine then you forced me to kneel.

You'll be sorry you made me love you,
When my anguish of soul you shall know:
When my sorrow you see, you'll have pity on me,
When you know that I'm loving you so.

Don't tell me now that you love me!
I wish that I knew you did not.
To know that you care, only adds to my fear
That fore'er mine shall be a sad lot.

Tho I loved you I tried not show it,
But 'twas written all over my face;
You're the onliest man, who now ever can
Make my world a real happy place.

If only you'd left me alone to forget,
I might have been happy some day.
But now I just think: each fancy I link
With you and your wonderful way.

I think you're the most wonderful creature
That I ever chanced to know.
But I'm sorry you came; 'twill ne'er be the same—
Oh! was heart ever burdened so.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry I love you.
If you cared not then I'd want to die:
If you'll promise to be always faithful to me,
I'll be patient and waiting, good-bye.

JOSEPH CHARLES PRICE

Deep within his fertile mind,
He dreamed of future days,
When other souls would seek to find
The path of wisdom's ways.

"He came, he saw, he conquered" all;
He built a school of fame:
Today it stands a monument
To honor his fair name.

He built more wisely than he knew,
For ages yet unborn;
And many a son, who studies there,
Wilt bless his birthday morn.

Dear Livingstone! Ah, Livingstone!
We praise thee twice and thrice,
But when we think of thy fair name,
We think of J. C. Price.

No other hero of our time
Wrought quite so well as he:
You'll say, "the half has not been told,"
When Livingstone you see.

It was not e'er an easy task;
'Twas filled with sacrifice:
But He, who cheers undaunted hearts,
Inspired our J. C. Price.

His visions broadened as he lived,
And saw his dreams come true:
And others ling'ring near the scene
Have caught the vision, too.

For just as God, when Moses died,
Had Joshua standing nigh,
So, when our Price his mantle dropped,
A Goler stood near by.

Thus we shall e'er revere that name,
And hang it high with pride:
We'll celebrate his day of birth,
And mourn the day he died.

For we remember how he rose
From lowly walk of life
To heights of fame, through constant toil;
Through battles, and through strife.

And e'er he died the world didst give
Him honor and all such,
But though he walked "with kings," he lost
Not once the "common touch."

February's roll is filled with fame—
The month of snow and ice,
But none more loved and honored than,
Our own dear J. C. Price.

WHY GOD SENDS THE SNOW

I've been wond'ring all the day,
And now I think I know;
Why, sometimes, God just changes things,
And sends the glistening snow.

I think it's just because He sees
So much that's dark and sin;
He sends the snow to make the world
Look white without and in.

It just reminds me that I read
Of One so long ago,
Who said, "tho' scarlet" be your sins,
They'll be as white as snow.

Some seem to think, without a cause,
That goodness comes quite slow,
But sure and silently it comes,
Just like the falling snow.

We see the earth so grim and bare,
And then to bed we go;
We wake a transformed earth to see,
All covered with the snow.

Just so we view the sinful world,
Its mis'ry and its woe,
But God can change each life to be
As white and pure as snow.

So, if we'd ever hopeful be,
Then each day let us grow,
And make each hour as pure and bright
As flakes of falling snow.

That each of us can do the right
Our God doth surely know,
And so to make our pathway bright
He sends the driven snow.

YOU CAN DRIVE MY TEARS AWAY

(Tune: "Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home")

Dear Little Girl, you're the light of my life;
Your love helps to cheer me, and lessens the strife.
If you were not with me then I'd want to die;
Your faith makes me strong, again then I try.

Chorus:

When I'm lone, and I'm sad I think of you,
And your smiles drive the shadows away.
All the day you seem to say:
"Doubt not, my love is true."
When the burdens are sore, and cares presseth o'er;
And no answer is come while I pray:
Then I cry in my pain, and you cometh again
Just to drive my tears away.
(You can drive my tears away.)

Some think life's a song, just to sing every day;
Some think life's a debt that each one has to pay;
The song of my life you hath helped me to sing;
Your love is the coin each debtor I bring.

WE LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME, DEAR CATHOLIC HILL

(Tune: "I Love You Just the Same, Sweet Adeline")

Comrades dear, the bells are ringing,
And I hear the children singing,
As they sang at Catholic Hill so long ago.
Let us go back there in fancy;
Let us think of each "romancy"?
As each his fondest love for her didst show.
And tho each one is now so far away;
We'll think of thee, and ne'er forget to say:

Chorus:

We love you just the same, Dear Catholic Hill.
We loved you fondly then, and always will.
Tho now we are growing lod,
Hearts for thee shall ne'er grow cold.
We loved you then and now we love you still.
Dear Catholic Hill, what mem'ries fill
Each heart and giveth such a pleasing thrill.
Tho we grow quite old and gray,
We shall love you then and say:
We love you just the same, Dear Catholic Hill.

There were many happy meetings,
As each day we came a-greeting
Fellow students and the teachers kind and true.
Tho the lessons were oft weary,
Still we all were glad and cheery,
And each one seemed to try his best to do.
And now tho we are scattered far and wide,
At Dear Old Catholic Hill our hearts abide.

THE SADNESS OF FATE

Thru months of patient, earnest pleading,
His words did fall on ears unheeding;
Oft it seemed his heart was bleeding
For his Flo.
Now he knew he loved her well,
Why he never couldst tell;
It seemed that she had cast a spell
Which made his bosom rise, and swell
Saddened so.

Then she bade him cease to write,
For she judged it wasn't right,
Still she wished his burden light;
So did Flo.
But to him she ne'er could be,
What he wished, tho he were free;
And his pain she loathed to see,
Then she wrote, "He keepeth thee,
Now I go."

This message borne by faithful hand
The man could hardly understand.
Why had Flo
Wished to cause him so much pain,
Why always clouds and dismal rain;
His hopes now crushed, his soul was slain,
Never more he'd sing again,
'Twas sad, you know.

In vain he traveled o'er the earth,
Seeking rest in cheerless mirth.
For always Flo
Seemed to haunt him night and day,
Where'er he went, tho far away,
To her sad heart did seem to say,
"Be mine, dear one, be mine, I pray,"
Sweet and low.

At last when every land he'd seen,
His thoughts betook him to his pen;
A message sweet he wrote and then,
Prayed for Flo.
He lost himself in the whirl of life,
He soon forgot the pain and strife;
No more he wished for home and wife,
He gaily danced to the tune of fife,
For 'twas so.

When he thought of her whom he had lost,
He drank to drown the awful cost.
'Twas darling Flo,
Who had sent him on this wild career;
She had doomed his life to scenes so drear.
Since she was lost, why should he care
What became of him now? He knew no fear.
Lost, you know.

On thru a life of ruin he went,
Not heeding e'er his sinful bent,
Since ne'er a word of hope was lent
By his Flo.
Lower, and lower at last he sank;
The dregs of sin the full he drank,
He played and laughed at the foolish prank,
He knew no one, there was none to thank,
Thus you know,

He saw the end approaching fast,
It came with never a thought of the past,
Till some one seemed to say at last,
"Here is Flo."

Wild eyed and filled with awful dread,
That she should come when he was dead;
He bade them raise him from the bed,
But ere they did his life had fled,
Just to go—

To a world he knew not the way,
Nor longer need he wish to stay;
For long since he had ceased to pray
For his Flo.
Somewhere in the vast unknown,
His wretched soul from God had flown,
To dwell forever now alone,
Because that someone dared disown,
Him here below.

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON "DAD"

When you see you're "up against it,"
And the friends you thought you had
Seem to leave you quite deserted,
You can always count on Dad.

There are those who seem to love you,
While your spending makes them glad,
But they're absent when you're needy,
Tho not so with dear old Dad.

Dad's the finest kind o' fellow,
And he never leaves you sad;
When you're in the worst of trouble,
You can always count on Dad.

You can't understand your Daddy,
When you're nothing but a lad,
But just trust him; he's the wisest:
You can always count on Dad.

If he whips you, take your whipping,
He's not whipping 'cause he's mad.
He's just trying to make a man o' you,
So leave the job to Dad.

Folks don't thresh the tares and bramble,
For these things are wholly bad;
But you've got the real wheat in you,
And it takes the hand of Dad

Just to clean the chaff from off you,
And to show the good you had;
It's a man's job, I can tell you,
So you leave it all to Dad.

And when you're grown to manhood,
You'll be feeling mighty glad
That while you were in the making
You can always count on Dad.

Dad's a friend who'll always help you,
Tho you treat him like a cad,
He won't hold your meanness 'gainst you;
You can always count on Dad.

Pshaw, there's none among the number
Of the men friends I have had,
Who's been half the loyal fellow
Like my dear old father, Dad.

So, boys, try to be more careful,
Do not act like you were mad,
'Cause when Daddy's gone and left you,
You can't have another Dad.

And remember when you're grown-up
That your Dad was once a lad;
So be kind and gentle always,
To that dearest friend, your Dad.

For when other friends are lacking,
And you're feeling awful bad,
You can "betcher life," dear fellows,
You can always count on Dad.

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE FEELING DOWN-HEARTED

I know why you're feeling down-hearted;
'Tis because you think I'm untrue:
I know how your joy has departed,
But, dearest, I'm thinking of you.

I know why you're feeling down-hearted;
Your skies have been shadowed with cloud:
Your plans for the future have been thwarted,
And your hopes in gloom hath been shroud.

But, dearie, don't feel so down-hearted,
For joy will come in the morn;
Just believe that a new day is now started,
And life visions anew are born.

So why should you feel down-hearted,
When morning is breaking so fair?
Life's sea by the Master is charted;
He'll pilot you safely there.

Don't worry, dear friend, I'm caring;
I know what it means to be sad.
Be patient; meet each trial with daring;
Tomorrow your heart will be glad.

I know why you're feeling down-hearted;
'Tis because you think I've forgot,
But remember my love hath not parted,
However sad may be your lot.

I love you, tho you are down-hearted,
And I want you to be happy and gay:
Tho your heart from pain oft hath smarted,
Just wait for the brighter day.

God cheers the lone and down-hearted;
He cares for each pain we bear.
His love will ne'er be departed;
Each sorrow He sees and doth care.

I know why you're feeling down-hearted:
I'm faithful as ever before;
All tenderness of heart to you is imparted;
Love's treasure I'm keeping in store.

Some day like a flood 'twill be o'erflowing
Thy soul with fullness of joy,
Till then let the love light be glowing,
For then no pain will annoy.

And then you will not be down-hearted;
You shall soar to heights far above:
All sighing and sadness will then be departed;
We'll live in the realm of love.

LONGING FOR FLO

Upon a night so dark and dreary,
When my heart was lone and weary:
I could know
Not a thought of purest gladness;
I was filled with awful sadness:
Lone, I fought with driving madness,
For my Flo.

She, I knew was gay and cheery,
For her heart was always merry;
For 'twas so,—
When my heart was very lonely,
Just a-dying for her only,
I could hear her singing, moanly,
Soft and low.

She can fill my saddened heart
With a lovely, joyful part,
Don't you know!
When the morning breaks so fair,
And the flowers blooming rare
Breathe their fragrance in the air,
Give me Flo.

Then I never know a sigh,
Sorrow bids my soul good-bye,
 For I go
For a jaunt to sweet loveland;
Basking on that lovelit strand;
Holding her with willing hand,
 Darling Flo.

Could I always know that state
Of a lover with his mate,
 Then I'd know
Sweetest joys earth can tell,
For we'd wander in the dell;
List for bells with sweetest knell,
 With my Flo.

Do you wish for such a place,
Where with smiles upon your face,
 You would go;
With a heart so glad and free;
Lost in wonder just to see
Truest love, to be with me:
 Tell me Flo!

Do you wish for me alone,
Singest thou love's sweetest song;
 Do you know
Just an aching at the heart,
When the distance doth us part;
Do the teardrops often start,
 Do they Flo?

Could I know you wished for me,
And the lovelight I could see,
 For a beau:
Those darling lips I'd love to kiss;
Dear, you know not how I miss,
Just such happy hours as this,
 With my Flo.

WHEN NO ONE TURNS IN AT YOUR GATE

When you're lonesome and weary from waiting,
For friends, not come, and it's late;
You wonder again what's belating,
When no one turns in at your gate.

When you're sick, and to be well you are trying
To be patient till pains will abate,
But you're lone and soon you are crying,
'Cause no one turns in at your gate.

When the heart aches for some one whose parting
Hath left you in loneliest state:
'Tis so hard to keep teardrops from starting,
When no one turns in at your gate.

When you've struggled all day in the city,
And you sit now alone by the grate;
Then you feel that the world's void of pity,
When no one turns in at your gate.

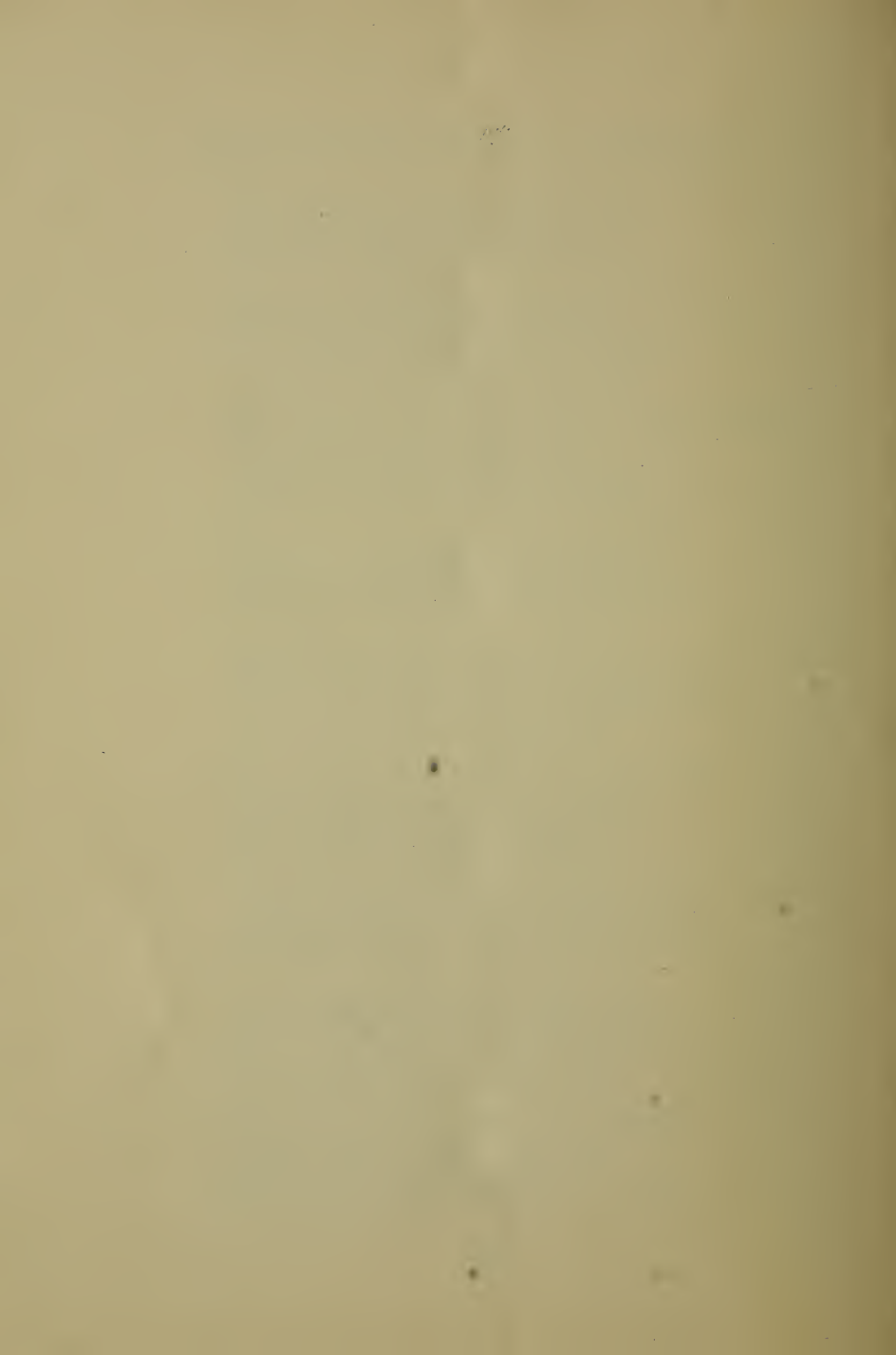
When your mission in life seems not to assure;
When failure seems surely your fate:
Some friend who's forgot, you'd gladly allure,
But no one turns in at your gate.

The sun of Life's hope sinks low in the west;
In the silence your past you relate:
Bowed in dismay, you go to your rest,
For no one turns in at your gate.

'Tis silent, 'tis dark, all the world is asleep
When a knock, then a voice doth await!
Up slumberer, rise, or why dost thou weep,
Now some one turns in at your gate.

'Tis a message of hope, of visions anew,
He is bringing you, dear old mate;
Cheer up, good news he is bringing to you,
For a friend turns in at your gate.

So you, dear friend, as you journey along,
Don't travel at such a mad rate;
Take time for a visit, a word, and a song;
Turn in at somebody's gate.



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